

# Kiddie Litter

Sage Francis

Lights flicker on the frame of a light sleeper...watching sports,  
In a stained wife beater and boxer shorts.  
Night creeps in-between the uneven slides of venetian blinds  
And it sees signs of struggle.

He resides in a jungle where the weeds dry and tumble  
Every time he deserts love and leaves behind his troubles.  
This time it seems he's finally humbled;  
Defeated by the feline he's been trying to subdue, beaten while they cuddle.

Now subtle differences got him running from images.  
Weird as it is, circus mirrors are a serious fear of his.  
He stays a safe distance from the scary kid,  
His beard is big and he wears a wig in public appearances.

Here he is...half alive in the flesh suit,  
Curious and appetizer by the fresh fruit,  
Served on a dish at his nightly help group.  
Who dreamt of catching better Z's? Most people would've slept through it.

If you ain't been through it, then you don't know the way the days  
Just waste away. A change of pace needs to take place  
I play with razor blades and I shake  
Until I shave my face and the break....

Of day lights flicker on the frame of a light sleeper...watching sports,  
In a stained wife beater and boxer shorts.  
Sun rays creep in-between the uneven slides of venetian blinds  
And it sees signs of struggle.

He hides a bundle of demons behind the stubble.  
Sleep dehydrates him 'til the dreams dry and crumble.  
Bleeding from his eyes, the scene of the crime's a puddle,  
Where he cries Uncle...and doesn't realize he's lovable.

Lover girl doesn't purr because she sees  
Something of hers stuck in a world that needs to be freed.  
This cat's got tongues tied 'til she leaves,  
A curiosity that could kill an entire species.

"See these fingers of mine?" Yes.  
"It's time to see if one of them fits the dark ring around your eyes," She says.  
So she sends me to a guy who signs permission slips.  
And if his finger fits...

He's going to poke inside to see what's alive.  
So I went to where she sent me only to find a blind man  
With worn down fingertips.  
And his neck was a library full of razor bumps.  
He placed a cup on a table labeled "Talk to Me"  
And he snuck a smile passed the customs of his scruffy face.  
He just stared in my general direction and said...